

## THE ISLAND OF THE STAIRS

Being a True Account of Certain Strange and Wonderful Adventures of Master John Hampton, Seaman, and Mistress Lucy Wilberforce, Gentlewoman, In the Great South Seas.

By  
CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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"Is a man to be condemned beyond pardon who has served you truly because he snatches a kiss in a moment of madness and forgets it when your life and honor tremble in the balance?"

"I do not think even you could forget that ever," she said, and I could not fathom exactly her purpose in that remark.

Did she not want me to forget it? Or would she have me remember it? But this seemed like trifling. I turned away bitterly, but she caught me by the arm instantly.

"What are you about to do?" she began. "Don't abandon me now. I believe in you. I see now why you did it. It was to save me and help me. What would I do, what could I do without you? I am"—she hesitated; it was hard for her proud spirit—"I am sorry," she finished.

"Say no more," I answered, looking down at the little hand on my sleeve.

my soul thrilling to her words and touch. "No harm shall come to you save over my dead body, and that is not enough for me to promise. I mean to extricate you from this peril."

"But is it possible?"

"I think so; I pray so."

"You are one against so many."

"I have one ally in the ship, you forget," said I, smiling at her, relieved and thankful to see her in her right mind again and awake to the truth and my real feeling toward her.

"And that is—"

"Yourself."

"A feeble helper," she rejoined, smiling in turn.

"We shall see."

"And will you forgive me for having misjudged you?" she asked pleadingly.

"Gladly."

"My hand on it, then," she said, holding out her little palm which I swallowed up in my large one on the instant, standing silent as usual, holding it the while.

"And are you not sorry that you—"

"kissed me?" she faltered at last.

"No," I answered bluntly enough—being a plain man I have always felt compelled to tell the truth—except, perhaps, when her interests were at stake—"I am not sorry." But as she swiftly tried to draw her hand away I added, "I promise you I won't do it again, and you will forgive me, I know. Meanwhile we have much to plan. We may be interrupted any time and we had best get at it."

I released her hand and she faced me calmly enough.

"You don't know how much safer I feel when I have you to depend upon," she said.

How my heart leaped at that assurance and I saw that she had indeed forgiven me.

"I shall leave everything to you, Master Hampton," she continued. "Do you tell me what to do, and I will do it."

"I know you will. I could not ask a braver, better second," I answered heartily.

At that moment I heard a step on the ladder. Somebody was coming. Quick as a flash I realized the part we had to play in public. I balled my fist and

struck the bulkhead savagely. I suppose I must have changed my expression as well, for in her surprise she screamed faintly.

"That's it," I whispered, "scream again, louder, louder."

"What do you mean?" she asked in incomprehensible amazement, in this crisis my wits working quicker than hers.

"There is somebody outside. We have a part to play. I am abusing you and you are fighting," I whispered swiftly.

Then louder, fairly shouting at her in deed, I cried, "Down on your knees, vouch. You will find that you have met your master now."

I made some sound of scuffle and she did indeed scream loudly. In the midst of the commotion the door was tried, but fortunately I had turned the key.

"Who's there?" I shouted, and to my lady whispered, "Beg for help!"

Entering into the spirit of the game and smiling at me, since there was none but I to see, albeit she infused strange terror in her voice, so that I was amazed myself, she cried at the top of her voice:

"Help! Help!"

I in turn called louder yet:

"Silence, woman!" and struck the bulkhead again.

Finally turning to the door I opened it a bit, and there stood one of the younger seamen.

"What want you?" I began sternly and stormily. "I don't care to be disturbed just now."

"You are wanted on deck. It is just dawn. Land has been sighted, and there's a heavy sea running." Pimball, an Glibby want your counsel and advice what's to be done."

"Good!" said I. "I will be with you in a moment. Tell them I have yet a word or two to say to this woman here."

The man turned on his heel, passed through the cabin and climbed the ladder to the deck.

"Now," I said quickly, thrusting one of my pistols into my little mistress's hand, "we can talk no longer this time. I am going to do my best for you, and if I fall here is a weapon. You know what to do with it."

"Shall I use it on them?"

"No, lass," I answered grimly, "on yourself if it comes to the worst."

"I understand," she said, paling a little.

"Lock the door when I go out, and on no account open to any voice but mine."

"I shall remember."

"And keep up the acting," I said. "Whimper and cower away whenever we are seen together."

"I shall not forget," she said, standing very straight, looking at me bravely, her eyes shining.

"And now goodbye!"

I turned away, but she caught me by the shoulder. She extended her hand rather high. I was not too dumb not to understand what she wanted, and so I bent and kissed it, and it was no light kiss of gallantry, but I pressed my lips passionately against the little hand.

"May God keep you," she said as I turned away, breathing the "Amen" I dare not speak.

I heard the key turn in the lock behind me, and with a heart full of misgivings in spite of my stern and resolute purpose, I came out on deck again.

### CHAPTER IX.

In Which We Plan to Escape Together From the Ship.

I HAD no idea that it was morning already, the night had passed so quickly. The eastern sky was already gray, and although the day bade fair to be an unpleasant one there was already light enough to distinguish land off to starboard. We had run quite near it in the night. It was still too gray to make out much more than the existence of the land itself, but I thought I saw beyond the nearest island others rising. At any rate, there it was where it ought to be, said I didn't make any doubt but that it was the island which we had been seeking these weary months at sea.

The whole crew was on deck. I didn't see any signs of Captain Matthews' body, although I looked hastily about for it. I learned later that they had tumbled him overboard without a prayer or word after they had knocked him on the head. Pimball, Glibby and one or two others of the older seamen were on the quarterdeck, the rest being strung along the lee rail in the waist staring at the island. Two hands were at the wheel. The ship was pitching and laboring heavily, and it required two hands to hold her up to it.

During the night they had taken a second reef in the topsails. A whole gale was now blowing. Everything above the tops' yards had been furled of course. The Rose of Devon was a wet ship in a seaway, and she was making heavy weather out of it.

I noticed one thing with satisfaction. They had evidently not thought it worth while to break open the arms chest or to force the key from me, which they could easily have done, and none of them was armed.

"Well," I began, as I climbed over the hatch combing and turned aft.

"I sent for you, Hampton," began Pimball insolently, and his failure to "mister" me or to give me any title indicated our present relations, "because of that," and he pointed to the leeward toward the island.

"It looks like land," I said.

"It is land. What land?"

"How can I tell? I answered. "I have never been in these seas before."

"Well, you took an observation yesterday, didn't you?"

"Certainly."

"And where was we?"

I named a latitude and longitude, not exactly what I had worked out,

but near enough. I didn't want these ruffians to know exactly where we were. He pulled out the chart as I spoke and compared its figures with what I had given them. He could read figures if not letters.

"At any rate," he said, after studying over the map for a little time, "that is not far from the point we are making for, is it?"

"No," I admitted, "not very."

"Do you think that can be it?"

"I can't tell for certain," I replied, "until I get another shot at the sun. I should think the latitude about right, but as to the longitude—"

"And you can't get no shot at the sun until noon, can you?"

"Unquestionably not," I answered, only put in Glibby, casting a long look to the eastward where the sky was thick and cloudy already.

"I can't even get an observation then unless we have clear weather," I answered.

"There'll be no clear weather today. I take it," said an old seaman standing with the other two.

### TO BE CONTINUED

### Legal Notices

#### NOTICE OF CONTEST

021864

2708

Department of the Interior,  
United States Land Office  
Phoenix, Arizona,  
September 22, 1913.

Published in Bisbee Review,  
Bisbee, Arizona,  
TO HEIRS OF HENRY MARCKS,

Deceased  
Bisbee, Arizona, Late of Lowell,  
Arizona, Contestee:

YOU are hereby notified that Rose

Christiansen who gives Box 73, Bis-

bee, Arizona, as her post office ad-

dress, did on September 22, 1913, file

in this office her duly corroborated

application to contest and secure the

cancellation of Homestead Entry

Serial No. 011864, made by Henry

Marcks deceased, late of Bisbee, Ari-

zona, August 16th, 1910, for S 1-2

SE 1-4, Section 8, and the S 1-2 SW 1-4

Section 9, Township 24 S., Range 36

E.; G. & S. R. Meridian and 36

acres for her contest she alleges

that said Henry Marcks, entryman,

died, June 9th, 1912, at Cochise

County Arizona, intestate survived by

unknown heirs, whose residence are

to affiant unknown, that the heirs of

said deceased have not resided upon

or taken up their residence upon the

land of said entry since the demise of

said entryman, or at all; that they

have not cultivated or improved the

land of said entry since the demise

of said entryman; that they have

abandoned said entry for more than

a year last past.

You are, therefore, further notified

that the said allegations will be taken

by this office as having been con-

fessed by you and your said entry

will be canceled thereunder without

your further right to be heard there-

in, either before this office or on ap-

peal, if you fail to file in this office

within twenty days after the FOURTH

publication of this notice, as shown

below, your answer, under oath, spe-

cifically meeting and responding to

these allegations of contest or if you

fail within that time to file in this

office due proof that you have served

a copy of your answer on the said

contestant either in person or by

registered mail. If this service is

made by the delivery of a copy of

your answer to the contestant in per-

son, proof of such service must be

either the said contestant's written

acknowledgment of his receipt of the

copy, showing the date of its receipt,

or the affidavit of the person by whom

the delivery was made, stating when

and where the copy was delivered; if

made by registered mail, proof of such

service must consist of the affidavit of

the person by whom the copy was

mailed stating when and the postoffice

to which it was mailed, and this af-

firm must be accompanied by the

postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer

the name of the post office to which

you desire future notices to be sent to

you.

THOMAS F. WEEDIN, Register.

JOHN J. BIRDNO, Receiver.

Date of first publication October

2, 1913.

Date of second publication October

10, 1913.

Date of third publication October

17, 1913.

Date of fourth publication October

24, 1913.

55.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

04816

Department of the Interior,  
U. S. Land Office, Phoenix, Arizona,  
Oct. 1, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that

Frank Zajac, of McNeal, Arizona, who,

on Feb. 6th, 1909, made Homestead

entry, No. 04816 for S 1-2, S E 1-4 Sec.

13; N 1-2 N E 1-4, Section 19, Town-

ship 21S, Range 27E, G & S R Meri-

dian has filed notice of intention to

make three year Proof, to establish

claim to the land above described,

before Jared D. Taylor, United States

Commissioner, at Bisbee, Arizona, on

the 11th day of Nov. 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Daniel J. Zigler, of Bisbee, Arizona.

Anton Stukel, of McNeal, Arizona.

J. Park Emery, of McNeal, Arizona.

Before Jared D. Taylor, United States

Commissioner, at Bisbee, Arizona, on

the 11th day of Nov. 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:

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